

The World's Big Man

It appears to be quite clear, from all available records of history, that the Roman, in his day, was without doubt the big man of the world. There were others before him, and few since, who came near to answering the same description, but none fully achieved it. Each one in his time and from his place emulated the Roman and strove to equal him, but they all failed, as far as we can see.

They were big men, but not one of them rose to be the world's big man in the sense that the Roman was, or in the true sense of the word itself.

No man of the past other than the Roman stood as sole master of the whole world. On the Palatine Hill, where Romulus founded Rome, was bred the ancestor of the greatest race of men that history has ever known until now—now, when another step into his place and who is greater than the Roman ever dreamed of being.

The Roman in the days of his glory was the ideal man. His clean body was trained to utmost strength and elasticity. In heart and soul he was unconquerable.

With shield and broadsword he fared forth to every corner of the then known earth, and laid every nation and every country subject to his will. Even Hannibal fell before the prowess of the Roman. He ruled in the House of David. Every continent that was within the reach of a sail, every isle of all the narrow seas surrendered to his legions.

To this day, more than 20 centuries after the fall of Rome, Europe is eloquent of the Roman sway in the stones of crumbling towers and roads and bridges over which the feet of men and their traffic still pass.

Perhaps until the end of time will these landmarks of Roman conquest endure.

Not only have the Roman soldier and engineer left their enduring marks upon the physical world they knew, but their lawgivers, the statesmen and the poets of Rome have left an everlasting mark upon all civilization that has come since or that is to come till time shall be no more.

Counting the past from yesterday, all other men of that past sink into insignificance in comparison with the Roman. He was the big man of the world.

But it must be admitted that there was now and then a near world's big man. The Frenchman came near it, and the Spaniard and the Englishman. There were combinations, however, that these could not withstand, while there was no combination strong enough to withstand the Roman. He conquered the world with ease. The others came only near to doing so, each in his turn, and then only by great sacrifice and effort.

It was plainly the dream of the first Napoleon to plant the eagles of France wherever the Caesars had planted the eagles of Rome. The little Corsican had visions that far exceeded that of any Caesar.

And a mighty man was the Frenchman, then. He pitched his tent in the shadows of the Pyramids and sounded his bugle call from the summits of the Alps. Two-thirds of Europe bent with bowed heads before him, but that was all. He could go no farther.

Think of the Spaniard when his day was on the world; when the Pope drew a line around the map of the globe and acknowledged the full half of all the lands and waters thereof as the sole possessions of Spain.

Here were the Incas' treasures, the Montezumas' wealth, the spices of the isles of the Indies, east and west, the spoils of all the vast Pacific, the pearls and corals of the seas.

But it was only half a world, after all, that the Conquistadore held under the golden spurs on his heels. His great Armadas could not hold the ocean against his foes. He was never the world's big man.

Nearest to any of these having been the world's big man was the Englishman. He went farther than any of the rest who fell short of the final goal.

He began as the Roman did, by attaching to his own territory all that was contiguous or near it before he sallied forth on his adventure of world conquest. He brought into subjection the Scots and the Welsh, who shared his island with him, and then he also added Ireland to his crown.

Far and wide was the path he traveled in the centuries that followed. There came a time when it was said that the sun never set on his dominions. The drumbeat of England echoed against the four walls of the world. In North America, India, Africa, the Orient, and on all the waters of the earth the banner of St. George was flung to the winds.

But at all times there was a great deal of the world in which the Englishman had neither power nor dominion. So he must be dismissed with the others as never having been the world's big man.

We speak of them not acrimoniously, but in vast admiration of them, one and all. As we sit in the inglenook of history we have watched their pageants passing by. It is a pleasant and a fruitful pastime.

The world's big man of the past was, therefore, the Roman. The world's big man of today is the American. Only these two, past and present, measure up to the full standard of the term.

Although the Roman and the American are altogether different morally, there is a strong analogy between them physically and mentally. As the Roman was clean-bodied, virile and alert, a natural builder and constructor, both materially and politically, so is the American.

Morally, they are not alike at all. Have you ever stopped to consider the tremendous fact that America could yesterday have conquered the whole world if she were minded as Rome was minded, and that she can do it now? Survey the world in your mind's eye and you will see that this statement is not preposterous. It is the statement of a fact.

Now consider the more tremendous fact that America is not minded to do anything of the kind and that nothing could induce her to set out on that pathway.

If Rome or any other nation that ever existed, save America, had at any time found a broken world waiting to be dealt a final blow, would they at any time have hesitated to deliver that blow? If so, there is not a line in all the pages of history to prove it.

When the Roman was the world's big man he put the world in his debt by the weight of his sword. The American, who is the world's big man today, finds the whole world in his debt because he saved it from the sword.

Rome, the conqueror, was compelled to garrison with her legions the alien lands where her eagles were planted. America, the conqueror, returns her soldiers to their homes and the peace of civil life from which they were called.

When the Roman ascended the summits of power he fell into licentiousness and bacchanalian orgies. The American, on the same summits, turns to God and compels his appetites to temperance and sobriety.

Wherefore, the world's big man of the past is a mere pigmy compared with the world's big man of today. Let what is here set down be not regarded as the fanaticism of a partisan. We but sit calmly in the inglenook of history and watch its pageants pass, telling what we see in old, smoldering embers and the blaze of the log now lighted.

What we have seen anyone may see whose eyes are not blinded by ancient passions.

The American is not only the world's big man today, but he will continue to be that for many a day to come. Perhaps he will always be the world's big man. Anyway, it could not have a better.

His ships are on the sea; his factories are oiled and geared; his plains and prairies echo the tractor's throbbing music; his mines are busy with restless drills; his mills are filled with whirling looms.

His arms are strong, his feet are tireless, his brain is clear, his heart is buoyant. And there is a vision in his soul, for "where there is no vision, the people perish."

A fair field is all he asks, and no favor. He welcomes every other man, of whatever race or clime, to enter the lists with him or against him. In his rivalry with others he would not care to win by any other methods than those of merit.

His habitat is anywhere between Maine and California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. But the world is his salesroom and all its peoples are his customers.

From the inglenook of history, the picture of the world's big man of today is the best looking and the most likeable that we have been able to find in the album of the centuries.—Los Angeles Times.

Some men are so rushed in this world that if they were to die tonight they would want to come downtown in the morning to work until the hour set for the funeral.—Uncle Silas.

If No League —Then What?

The thing most to be desired in this world at the present hour is an arrangement that shall make war impossible of future occurrence or reduce the possibility of them to a minimum.

No other thing that can be imagined by the mind of man could prove so great a blessing to the whole human race.

And it would seem that if there were ever a time when the abolishing of war were possible the time is now. It would also seem that, with the blood of the world still red on the earth and the horror of the battles still vivid and poignant in the memory and the heart of the world, there would not be the slightest opposition anywhere to any arrangement whatever that would do away with wars forever.

Yet, strange to say, this is not the case. Peace is not yet a month old, the guns are not yet cold, the wounds of those who fought are not yet turned to scars, the graves of the dead are still not yet green with the grass of one single springtime. But already clouds loom on the horizon of the hope of a peace that will last.

It scarcely appears credible that this can be true, but it is true. Unless the peoples of the world shall discipline their statesmen, and unless they shall make mandatory their desires at once, there is reason to fear that the coming Peace Conference may prove a failure.

It may not prove a failure in all respects, but it may fail in the main thing, which is to make an end of wars.

It is, indeed, a strange situation. If, by some miracle, the peoples of all the world could be assembled in a way that each man and woman could behold all the others and they were to be asked to say whether or not they favored the abolishment of wars, the voice in the affirmative would shake the very stars in heaven. But, in the very face of that—and every man knows it the truth—there are statesmen on both sides of the ocean who have even now begun to quibble and to split hairs over that great settlement.

Is it any wonder that God becomes impatient with the ways of men? Is it any wonder that we are no farther on our way after the millions of years that man has possessed the earth?

How can the peace of the world be brought about and made to last? Is there any basis or source in the hope for it, or is it a Utopian dream?

The lasting peace of the world can be brought about through a league of free nations, and the proposal is not more Utopian than it is to suppose that individual men can agree and be made to keep peace between themselves, as they are doing and have done for generations past in all enlightened countries.

There is nothing simpler, nothing more practical. And it will be a crime against high heaven if it be allowed to go by the board now that the one chance in a million years has come to put it in effect.

But, with all this, the fear that the plenipotentiaries at the peace table will fail to agree to the formation of a league of nations to keep the world's peace is not without foundation.

There are, indeed, serious reasons on which to base the grave fear that one or another of the free nations will refuse to agree to level its power with that of all others.

Of course, if any one nation shall insist that it shall be given armed supremacy on either land or water, the whole thing falls through, right then and there.

It would be ridiculous to form a league of nations in which any one nation reserved for itself the mastery of the seas, of the land either, for that matter.

If America, for instance, were to say at the peace table that she alone should keep a great navy, and that all nations shall reduce their sea power to a harmless handful of ships, it is to be thought that any of the other nations would agree to the proposition?

If, then, it would be ridiculous for America to put forth that proposition, would it not be just as ridiculous for any other nation to make the same proposition on its own behalf?

The thing can't possibly be done unless all the nations put themselves mutually in the hands of one another. So long as one is able alone to overpower the others by any means whatever, there can be no league of nations any more than there could be a league between a herd of lambs and a lion.

In other words, if any one nation in the league can defy the combined power of all the others, then it is a league of straw. The other nations would stand the same chance in that kind of a league that the minority stockholders in a corporation stand against one man owning two-thirds of the total number of shares.

If, for these reasons, or any others, the proposal of a league of nations shall fail, and the dearest hopes of the world be thus defeated—what then?

If the league of nations does not materialize and the civilized world, as a consequence, shall revert to the uneasy status that existed before this hideous war was fought, the country that will suffer least from the mistake is America.

America has not the slightest reason in the world to fear the boast of any other nation to attempt supremacy on either the seas or the lands that touch the seas.

It is a boast that no nation or combination can make good against America. Whatever ambitions any or all of them can possibly have, this country can easily outstrip them and leave them far behind in the race.

And yet, in the face of this fact, which is indisputable, America is the most willing of all the nations of the world to enter into a league of nations in which she shall be given only an equality with all the rest.

If the break be made, it will not be America that makes it. If the lasting peace of the world shall be defeated as a Utopian dream, God in His justice will not hold America to account for it.

America, alone of all other nations, went into the war without one single selfish purpose, without hope of gain, and with no other desire than to save civilization from extermination on a far continent that we could exist without, though the seas were to swallow it.

If, in the face of that, and in the face of the additional fact that we alone among the peoples of the earth are uncrimped and still fresh and young and rich and strong and great, we are willing, and even eager, to disarm on a level with all others, to place our peace and safety in the common trust, from what course comes the audacity of any other nation to refuse to accept the same conditions?

The time to say these things is now. If there are warnings to be sounded they should be sounded today, and not upon another day when the harm has been done and it is too late to remedy it.

So, if the league of nations shall fail of realization—what then? Why, things will then be as they were before, and America must look out for her self.

We shall be compelled to let Europe go on again in the old dagger-sticking way, raising men for gun fodder, as she has been doing ever since knives and powder were invented.

All we can do is to set out patiently again on the pathways of enlightenment, hoping for a better day to dawn on the world in which we have borne and shall continue to bear a manly and an unselfish part.

We can turn again to our own side of the world, where we have kindly neighbors and with whom we can strengthen the bonds of affection and trust that exist between them and us.

It is a long way from the southern end of Patagonia to Labrador, and it is a road crowded with peoples and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. We have been at peace with it all for more than a century, except for one little and quite forgotten misunderstanding with Mexico.

We expect and are resolved to remain at peace with it all for all time to come. Our sister republic to the south and our great neighbor to the north have nothing to fear from America, and they know it.

There is already a league of nations on the Western Hemisphere. It is a league that exists in treaties that shall never be regarded as "scraps of paper," but it has a far stronger and a more lasting existence in the mutual confidence, trust and love that its members bear toward one another.

There is not one frowning fortress standing between us and any of our neighbors, and we do not want any.

America has plenty to do at work that it likes if the proposed league of nations fails at the coming Peace Conference and Europe decides that she does not care to tie up with us.

At the same time, it must be understood that we reserve the privilege and the right to go where we please over the broad face of the earth, to sail our ships on any seas, either in peace or war, to buy from whoever is willing to sell to us, and to sell to whoever wants to buy from us, whether they be on this side of the earth or the other, over it or under it.

We do not, please, we have all the world, we fear God and we keep our powder dry.—Los Angeles Times.

WE HAVE ALWAYS HAD
LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The opponents of the League of Nations protest against it in the name of our duty to avoid "entangling alliances." Our principal objection to this argument is the muddy ignorance of it. The precarious peace which the world has maintained for such stretches of years as that between the Franco-Prussian and the Russo-Turkish wars or between the Russo-Japanese and the World War of 1914—hold on! we forgot the war of Italy with Turkey and the two Balkan wars that came in between—has been maintained simply because alliances among nations have maintained it. These alliances have not been legislative achievements; they have been formed by personal agreements between kings, princes and ministers of foreign affairs.

Will the opponent of a league of nations question for one instant that the peace of the world for the last dozen years has hung by such threads as the precarious Triple Alliance, the alliance of France with Russia, the agreement between England and Japan, the later understanding between England and France, the one-sided inner alliance of Germany with Austria? If a League of Nations was something that nobody had ever experienced or heard of which it was proposed to materialize right out of the blue sky, the objector might claim some warrant for his words of warning and of gloom.

The present war was brought about by the League between Germany and Austria. As the President Wilson-Lloyd George plan contemplates is substituting a League, founded on orderly law and forged in the daylight by statesmen who are real ministers of the people in response to the behest of public opinion, for a League conceived in the private chambers of monarchs, formed in secret without the very people whose interest it affected knowing its precisions, and precariously maintained by backstairs politics and personal intrigue.

We have always had leagues of nations. The world could not maintain itself without them; but they have been formed in secret and their maintenance has depended largely on the caprices of monarchs and shifting considerations of momentary advantage. President Wilson proposes to substitute for this state of things, under which no nation is safe, a league made in the open, understood of all men, and built up on law.

F. X. Connolly received a German helmet last week from his son, Corporal Clement Connolly, in France. The helmet is made of steel, and weighs nearly three pounds. It has the name Fritz Schmidt inscribed on the inside of it.—Potosi Independent.

May the New Year be profuse with Happiness and Prosperity for all is our sincere desire.

BETHEL'S CASH MEAT MARKET

OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH

The high moral courage of the missionaries who strove to convert the Indians of the Canadian Northwest is well illustrated by the life of Father Lacombe, who dared to rebuke Chief Factor Rowan of the Hudson Bay Company for heartlessness toward the company's men. Katherine Hughes describes the incident in her biography of Father Lacombe. The factor and the priest were journeying to Edmonton in a keel boat, towed by a company of Cordeliers.

Of the boatmen's toil Father Lacombe has written: "Imagine, if you please, after resting a few hours on the bare earth, to hear at three o'clock the cry, 'Leve! Leve!' Et puis!—hurrah!—to pull and pull on the lines drawing the heavy boat up against the current, walking in the mud, the rocks, the swamp, along cliffs, and sometimes in water to their armpits—and this under a burning sun or beating rain from early morning until darkness fell about nine o'clock. Without having seen it one can form no idea of the hardships, the cruel fatigues, of these boatmen."

One of the men became sick during the trip. Father Lacombe, pitying him as he stumbled along in the tracking harness, went to Rowan and asked leave for this man to rest a few days as well as to share the food of their table.

The chief factor was equally astonished at the young missionary's presumption in interfering with any system of the company and at the boatmen's daring to confess illness. But Father Lacombe was insistent, and for a wonder Rowan gave way somewhat.

"Give him some of your food, if you must," he said, "but he needs no rest. Any man who is not dead with three days' illness is not sick at all."

The incident made a strong impression on Father Lacombe—so strong that when they had arrived at Edmonton House and Rowan came to show to him a very painful felon on his finger, Father Lacombe did what he could for him, but said to him pointedly:

"You are not suffering, Rowan!"

Three days later, while the chief factor still suffered, Father Lacombe went to him with a purpose.

"I had to say what was in my mind," he says, "although I feared trouble might come of it. I had to touch that man of iron. I went to him and said, 'You will understand what I mean, my friend, when I tell you that you are not sick! Three days have passed now and you are not dead. So of course you are not sick; it is all imagination!'"

"His face took on an awful cloud. If I had not been his friend and a priest, I believe he would have struck me. Ha! he was like a can of powder—that little man."

A WORD OF WARNING

The words below were spoken to a Boston audience by the distinguished visitor from England, the Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford. Through every message of this representative of the moral forces of Great Britain there has sounded a note of the finest Christian spirit:

"Take two or three generations of youths, train them in camps into the ideals of military glory for a generation, set your mothers and sisters thinking of nothing but the military glory of their sons and brothers, and let the language of the nation be filled with military phrases, as is the language of England and America today."

"Is it imaginable that these things would not affect the mind of the people? Are we in no danger of militarism? I can conceive of no disaster more comparable with this—that we should win a great victory and be able to dictate to the military autocracy of Germany a peace the most desirable that we could imagine; that we should have them under our feet, defeated before all Europe, and that then we should return to our several countries ourselves having imbibed that very disease from which we were seeking to deliver the world."

Stomach Trouble.

"Before I used Chamberlain's Tablets I doctored a great deal for stomach trouble and felt nervous and tired all the time. These tablets helped me from the first, and inside of a week's time I had improved in every way," writes Mrs. L. A. Drinkard, Jefferson City, Mo. Obtainable everywhere.

FOR TRUSSES

Supporters, Belts, Shoulder Braces, Crutches, Crutch Tips, see E. M. Laskman, Druggist.

MICKIE SAYS

THE BOSS IS TOO OLD 'I' GIT DRAFTED, BUT I'LL SAY HE'S DOIN' HIS BIT JEST THE SAME, WITH ALL THE FREE ADVERTISIN' HE PRINTS FER THE RED CROSS, 'N THE LIBERTY LOAN, 'N THE W.S.S., 'N THE WAR CHEST, 'N THE N.M.C.A., 'N THE RECRUITING CAMPAIGN 'N THE BELGIAN RELIEF 'N MR. HOOVER 'N EV'RYTHING



CHARLIE BLUMBERG

AS TO FEEDING GERMANY

Will the people of this country be called upon to make sacrifices, to deny themselves food, that Germany may be fed? This question has been asked frequently of the Missouri Division of the Food Administration.

Just before he sailed for Europe, Mr. Hoover declared that according to plans already made, Germany will be fed by economic measures which will contemplate the raising of a few embargo and shipping barriers. Our great task is to feed the liberated peoples of Europe, he said, particularly the fringe of starvation recently or presently to be released by the retreating German armies.

"There is a great problem in the situation of the enemy people, about twenty million," he said. "This problem is not one of going to their relief. It is a problem of relaxing the water-tight blockade, which continues through the armistice, sufficiently so that they may secure for themselves the bare necessities that will give stable government. Unless anarchy can be put down and stability of government can be obtained in these enemy states there will be nobody to make peace with and nobody to pay the bill to France and Belgium for the fearful destruction that has been done."

"I would certainly approach this problem with mixed feelings, having been long a witness to the robbery of food from women and children, and the destruction of millions of tons of food at sea and to the misery under which millions amongst the big and little Allies have suffered under the German yoke. Justice requires that a government be established able to make amends for wrongs done, and it cannot be accomplished through the spread of anarchy. Famine is the mother of anarchy."

"I am going to Europe to discuss the further food measures that must be organized as a result of the cessation of hostilities. The food problem in Europe today is one of extreme complexity. Of their 420 million, practically only three areas—South Russia, Hungary and Denmark—comprising about forty millions, have sufficient food supplies to last until next harvest without imports. Some must have immediate relief."

AN IDEA MULTIPLIED

Advertising is the power of an idea multiplied.

Other powers lose by expansion. Steam is power only when confined. Electricity radiated and diffused becomes nothing. Sound dies with distance. Great suns pale into invisible stars and the power of light itself is lost in infinite space. But the strange power of advertising increases by expansion. Diffusion is its life. It grows by what it imparts.

The advertised idea, to become a power, must be genuine, vital and related to the function of its furtherance; must be well chosen.—Selected.

It is our heartfelt wish and hope that God's richest blessings will be with you all during the
NEW YEAR
that is now dawning.

A. C. BOYD